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THE LOTTERY OF ROSE LEAVES.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WINTER.—THE WINTER PALACE.

Six months have passed away since Penrhyn Clifford first stepped on to the quay, and entered the  
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streets of St. Petersburg in search of his uncle's residence. The busy craft on the river has disappeared, the moveable bridges have been withdrawn, and the surface of the Neva is solid ice, only here and there broken to admit of the operations of

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washerwomen, who, notwithstanding the piercing cold of the climate, pursue their avocations in the open air.

In every house, and in every inhabited room, is the burning, stifling stove, heated to a three-fold heat, while windows are double-sashed, and securely caulked, to preserve a high and equal temperature.

In the streets, hard frozen snow lies thick, and on its smooth surface pass and repass, with amazing rapidity, sledges of various construction; some gay and richly ornamented, and others rude and uncouth. Men, muffled in pelisses of fur, pass hastily along; and unfortunate drivers are found sometimes frozen to death, or in the deadly sleep from which there is no awakening, on the carriage boxes of their luxurious owners.

The short and gloomy days, of four or five hours' duration, give place to brilliant nights. If the moon be above the horizon, she shines with extraordinary lustre, unknown to our lower latitudes. If she be below it, the stars and planets stand out from the black immensity above, like blazing diamonds, and shed no mean light on our poor world below.

Now, too, blaze the watch-fires in the streets, around which gather *butsniks*, or watchmen from their *siejas*; *rasmoschiks*, or itinerant street merchants, with their cheap wares; porters from their masters' doors, droshki drivers from their stands, and *moojiks* from everywhere.

In the heated ball and supper rooms of the Winter Palace are assembled crowds of the high-born and noble: princes and counts, generals and admirals, colonels and commodores, ambassadors, privy counsellors, favourites, boyars from distant provinces, and Polish noblemen.

Encircled by these, and such as these, and dutifully attended by the ladies of her court, and the ladies of her guests—her guests likewise—is the serene, accomplished, strong-minded, unfeminine Empress of all the Russias. She is seated at a card-table; at her right hand is a comparatively young man in a rich military costume: his stature is noble, his countenance handsome, and his air commanding. A Pole by birth, a Russian by education, elegant and sprightly, he has attracted the admiration of his sovereign; and the sure road to royal favour is to secure that of Count Lanskoï.

At the same table are two other personages who have taken no insignificant part in the stirring events of their monarch's reign, and who are yet too important to be set aside. She smiles graciously upon them.

That officer, who has entered the tenth lustre of his years, and whose heavy limbs are lounging ungracefully on his chair, and over whose countenance is spread an air of lassitude which even the presence of royalty does not wholly subdue, is Prince Gregorîi Gregorievitch Orloff, just returned to St. Petersburg and to court, after long foreign travel. Some twenty years before this present evening, he had ridden by the side of his imperial mistress, and shouted "Long live the Empress Catherine!" as one of the chief contrivers of the conspiracy which placed her on the throne of her unhappy husband, and when success yet hung in a doubtful scale, it was to his energy and skill and

well-laid plans that she then owed her life and crown. It was in honour of this man that the empress, at a later period of her reign, commanded a medal to be struck, having for its design the old Roman, Curtius, leaping into the unfathomable gulf, and bearing the inscription, "*Russia has such sons also.*"

Born in obscurity, educated in a barrack, by the energy of his character, and the astuteness of his mind, and the practical bearing of his plans, and the unscrupulosity of his guilty spirit, he has reached the giddy heights of ambition. He is high in his monarch's estimation as a general and a politician; though her early favour has cooled, he revels in her princely gifts, his revenues are enormous, he has noble estates, containing tens of thousands of abject slaves; for him was built the marble palace on the banks of the Neva. Nevertheless, he himself is unrefined in his tastes, and unsatisfied in soul. Pass two or three more years in melancholy grandeur, and he shall die "as a fool dieth," in agony of soul, conscience-stricken, raving for relief which comes not, and furnishing a melancholy commentary on the words of inspired truth: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo! he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

Like unto him, but yet different from him, is the younger officer who this evening shares with him and the Polish count the courtly smiles and honied words of royal favour and pleasantries, though in heart they hate each other. The same successful treason which advanced the fortunes of Gregory Orloff, gave the first footing in his future sovereign's favour to Prince (not then a prince, however,) Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin. As a youth of sixteen or seventeen, he joined the triumphal entry of the conspirators into the new capital of Russia; and, a few months later, he is said to have witnessed and assisted in the tragical death of the dethroned czar.\* From that time, his promotion has been sure and rapid. Nevertheless, knowing his power, he treats with indifference his sovereign, despises her frowns, and makes light of her smiles. In his person, he combines the most opposite defects and accomplishments; he is avicious and ostentatious, despotic and popular, inflexible and beneficent, haughty and obliging, politic and confiding, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet, lavish of his bounties and dishonourable in his obligations. Nothing can equal the vigour of his mind and the indolence of his body. No danger can appal his courage, no difficulties force him to abandon his projects; but the success of an enterprise never fails to disappoint him.

He wears the empire by the number of his dignities, and the extent of his power. He is fatigued with the burden of his own existence, envious of every thing not done by himself, and disgusted with all that he himself does. Rest, to him, is not grateful, nor occupation pleasing. He never forgets what he has heard or seen. He reads little, and few seem better informed. He has conversed with eminent men in all professions, in every science, in every art. Few know better how to

\* In after life, Potemkin always indignantly denied this; but the bur still sticks to him.

draw forth and appropriate the knowledge of others. In conversation, he astonishes alike the scholar, the artist, the mechanic, and the divine. His information is not deep, but it is extensive. He never dives into any subject, but he speaks well on all.

The inequality of his temper is productive of an indescribable singularity in his desires, his conduct, and his manner of life. At one time, he aspires to the crown of Poland; at another, he half stretches his hand to the cowl of a monk. He engages in building a superb palace, and seeks to sell it before it is finished. One day he thinks of nothing but war, and only officers, Tartars, and Cossacks are admitted to his presence. The next day he is busy in politics.

Sometimes, shut up in his room for successive weeks, with only intimate friends as companions, he lounges on a sofa, without speaking; plays at chess, wrapped up in a coarse morning gown, with legs bare, shirt collar unbuttoned, his person neglected, and his hair uncombed. Now, dressed in a magnificent uniform, tawdry with ribbons and orders, and costly with diamonds, he plays the courtier.\*

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SECRET POLITICS.—ROSE LEAVES.

THE frivolous game of piquet—Catherine's favourite game—was over; and cards—those all-absorbing cards, that waste so many golden hours—were thrown aside; but still the four principal players retained their seat at the table; and Potemkin, with eager looks and gestures, was speaking in a low but earnest tone, with his finger moving slowly over a map which lay spread before him; while Catherine, bending forward, was watching his motions, and listening with a heightened colour, which glowed under the rouge on her cheeks, and with evident interest, to his words. Orloff, meanwhile, looked gravely on; and Lanskoï played, with an air of indifference, with the golden tassel of his silk embroidered sash.

"But the Emperor Joseph still counsels delay," said the czarina, in a hurried regretful voice, when her favourite and impetuous general for a moment ceased speaking.

"Delay, madam! Delay is the refuge of folly. Pardon me, your majesty; but never were the times more propitious than now. The Ottomans humbled; Poland"—glancing at Lanskoï, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"Poland at your majesty's feet; an army waiting your majesty's commands; your relations with western Europe pacific and satisfactory; Prussia and Austria your majesty's firm allies; a full treasury; and delay!"

"You speak only my own thoughts, general," said Catherine; "but —"

"Your majesty will not, I trust, interpose any further objections. Be assured it is for your honour and glory; nay, for the future of Russia, it is absolutely necessary that the blow should be struck at once. Your majesty's august predecessors —"

"Hush, general! we know."

"How often must I point out to your majesty that with an independent sovereignty between your dominions and the Euxine —"

"And how often shall I remind you, prince, that this Taurida, or Crimea, is *not* an independent sovereignty?" said the empress, proudly. "Neither shall it ever again be," she added.

"None can be better assured of this, while your majesty lives, than myself," replied the prince, composedly; "but your majesty will pardon me for hinting that the time may come when your majesty's successors will regret —"

"Enough, my good general," rejoined Catherine; "we know the trust committed to us, and the wise policy which dictated it; and your excellency may rest assured that, at the fitting time, the trust shall be redeemed."

"I rejoice to hear your majesty," said Potemkin; "and if I might be permitted to say that the fitting time is the present time; and that once secure of the Crimea — your majesty can but anticipate what I would observe."

While speaking, the prince had once more placed his finger on the map, and now his eyes were bent down upon it, as he deliberately suffered it to travel onward through the Isthmus of Perekop—across the bare peninsula—then to rest on the western coast, near its extremity, while the corresponding digit of his left hand was placed across the Euxine, on the site of the ancient Byzantium. Then he looked up significantly at his royal mistress.

"You are enigmatical, general," said Catherine, smiling.

"Your majesty reads my enigma," replied the prince: "the road to Byzantium is through the Crimea."

The czarina's eyes sparkled; but she said cautiously, "There is the Black Sea to cross, my dear prince."

"And your majesty has dock-yards at Cherson," rejoined Potemkin, "with twelve ships of the line nearly completed."

"You say nothing, my dear prince," said the empress, turning suddenly to Orloff.

"Madam! I beg ten thousand pardons, your majesty. My counsels are always at your majesty's service; but as yet, I scarcely know to what quarter your august commands point."

"You are dull, prince. Shall we complete our conquests *here*?" said Catherine, in her turn laying her finger on the map.

"Gosudarina—most illustrious majesty—has not that question been long settled?" asked the older prince, with an air of indifference.

"As to the fact, *visokoprevoshoditelstvo*—high excellency—but not as to the time," said Catherine.

"Prince Potemkin seems to have settled that, your majesty," observed Orloff, with a perceptible sneer; "but if I might be permitted to say it, some shadow of a reason must be ready —"

"Reason, prince!" exclaimed Potemkin; "shadows and substance too! Is it not enough that the constant brawls of these wild Tartar tribes, and their discontents, stimulated without doubt by foreign machinators, threaten not only the stability of the edifice which the beneficent care of our ever-gracious mother the empress has built up for the happiness of the ungrateful people, but

\* The later paragraphs in the above description of Potemkin are adapted, with some trifling variations and some omissions, from the "Memoirs of Count Ségur," the French Ambassador in Russia at the time of which we write.

even the calm repose of imperial Russia itself? Have not Russia and our empress been insulted in the person of her representative, the Khan—the noble Schagin-Gheray—whose authority is still defied, while a usurper has been put forward to depose him?"

"Enough!" said Orloff; "if a pretty quarrel cannot be made out of that, it will go hard with us; and we shall be sufficiently justified in the eyes of the world. Well, prince, what follows?"

"The emperor of Austria must be hurried to a decision, and brought over to our terms, and then —"

Meanwhile, the empress, absorbed in thought, remained silent: at length, raising her eyes from the map, on which they had been steadfastly gazing, she demanded of Potemkin the nature of this country, which was as destructive of her repose as Naboth's little vineyard was of Ahab's.

"A most glorious country, your majesty. A fertile soil, a happy climate, well-watered plains, mountains rich, doubtless, in precious metals, and noble harbours."

"And the inhabitants?" she continued eagerly. "Numerous and wealthy; ready at once to throw off the broken Turkish yoke, and to embrace your majesty's maternal rule. There are doubtless some stubborn spirits; but if these will not bend, they may be broken."

"And the villages and the towns, my good general—you have seen these?"

"Roads lined with flourishing villages, your majesty," continued Potemkin, with utter disregard of truth; "and cities, glittering in oriental splendour."

"Of what cities does your excellency speak?" interposed Orloff.

"Of Bachesarai and Achmetchet, among others," replied Potemkin, coolly.

"And if," said Catherine, "it should so happen in our time, the Crimea should be attached to our dominions, in which of these cities should be the seat of government?"

"Bachesarai," said prince Orloff, bending over the map; "it is, as your majesty may observe, nearer the coast."

"I incline to Achmetchet," said Prince Potemkin; "it being—to follow the lead of his excellency—as your majesty may observe, somewhat more central in its position."

"How is this matter to be decided, high excellencies?" demanded Catherine. "Lanskoi, may we treat you to be umpire?"

"Your gracious majesty may command me in all matters within reach of my poor abilities," returned the Count, who had sufficient reasons on this occasion to avoid giving offence to either of the generals: "but —"

"That is to say, you prefer being neuter?"

"May it please your majesty, I have never been in the Crimea," the Count responded.

"This might easily be amended, by her majesty's permission," said Potemkin, with a covert smile.

"No, no, prince; we will not rob you of the honour of conquering these rebellious provinces," retorted the empress. "And, as Lanskoi is mute, we must find some other method of fixing on our future capital."

"Will your majesty permit me?" said the volatile prince, rising from the table, and seizing on a crystal vase. "I will take the votes of the assembly, madam, in rose-leaves; white, if it so please you, for Bachesarai, and red for Achmetchet."

"On your allegiance, prince," exclaimed Catherine, "not a syllable concerning our conference."

"Your majesty may depend on my discretion," said Potemkin; and he mingled in the crowd.

"I will after him to see that he plays fair," said Orloff, "with your majesty's permission."

In the brilliant apartments traversed by the two generals, were vases of flowers, raised at enormous cost in the imperial winter gardens and hot-houses, and gathered to shed their faint perfume and their frail beauty for the passing hour, and then, alas! to wither, like many a human flower in that assembly.

As he passed along, Potemkin addressed himself to each guest in succession, demanding, in the name of the empress, a single petal—red or white—to be dropped into the vase; and flowers were ruthlessly torn to supply the demand; while many a conjecture was hazarded as to the intent of this strange lottery. At length the suffrage of every guest was obtained, and the generals returned to lay—not their laurels—but their roses before their royal mistress.

"Red has gained the prize!" exclaimed Potemkin, with exuberant glee; "and Achmetchet is henceforth your majesty's royal city in the Crimea."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE PAINTING.

IN the suite of brilliantly illuminated and luxurious apartments into which the guests of royalty were that evening admitted, was one appropriated to pictures; and into this, at a later hour of night, and still attended by her two state counsellors, Catherine entered. Several guests were there, and their attention had evidently been attracted by a small but well-executed painting. The subject seemed to be taken from scripture, and was probably that to which we just now casually referred—the taking violent possession of Naboth's vineyard by the covetous king of Israel; though violence was so far done to the scripture narrative, that the victim of treachery—the murdered Naboth—lay close by the feet of the monarch, who was still holding in his hand a blood-stained weapon, while confronted by the prophet, beneath whose stern eye he quailed, like the guilty wretch that he was. Moreover, the costumes of all the personages represented in the painting were strictly and unmistakeably Russian.

The painting had recently been added to the empress's cabinet; and it may serve as an illustration of the deceitful and blinding nature of ambition and lust of dominion, that, with a heart full of desires for new territories and of the means by which they were to be forcibly and foully obtained, the unscrupulous despot could have placed this painting among the choicest of her collections, could look upon it with a steady eye, and boast of it as a valuable addition to the treasures of her palace, and as a worthy specimen of native art.

At the moment Catherine entered the cabinet,



a singular commotion was observable. In front of the picture stood a tall military man, of middle age, and in a richly decorated costume; his lips and swelling nostrils quivering, and his cheeks pale with suppressed anger.

"An undeniable likeness, general," said the lady who stood by his side, and who seemed to enjoy his perturbation; "every one who has seen it, declares that you must have sat to the painter for your portrait."

The person thus addressed actually ground his teeth with rage, and then, in a suppressed voice, like the first low growl of an enraged tiger, he responded, "It is false; no man dare say to me what you have said. Your sex claims its privilege, madam."

"I can waive the privilege, general, on occasion," said the lady, laughing good-humouredly; "but hush!" she whispered—"the empress!"

All present made way as Catherine approached, smiling graciously and slightly bending to her guests.

"You are admiring my new purchase, general," she said.

"Madam, may I entreat your majesty to pardon me," stammered the officer, striving to regain composure, but with small success. "I—I have been grossly insulted."

"General!" exclaimed the empress, casting a scrutinizing glance, first at him, and then at the lady by his side. "Ah, *ma chère* Dashkoff, how is this? You have not surely defied our brave general?"

The princess, whose name is indissolubly connected with the time of which we tell, as a clever politician, and as one of the most active planners of the dethronement of Peter III; as having also, on the first day of the open conspiracy, put on masculine garments, and ridden with a drawn sword in her hand by Catherine's side, among the boldest of her adherents, and who, though now past middle age, had lost but little of the sprightliness and none of the eccentricity of her youth—the princess laughed as she replied:—

"General Roskin, may it please your majesty, has discovered a foe on the wall; and I have with difficulty withheld him from adding another death to that in the painting, by running his sword through—the canvas itself."

The princess spoke to negligent ears. Catherine's eyes had glanced from the enraged general to the painting. "I told you, Count," she said, "that the face yonder"—pointing to the Ahab of the picture, in a Russian pelisse trimmed with sable—"reminded me of a somewhat familiar countenance. General Roskin, *you must have sat to the painter.*"

"Madam!" said General Roskin, almost inarticulate with rage and indignation. "may I implore your majesty to furnish me with the name of the painter who has dared——"

"An excellent likeness," said Potemkin, looking for the first time at the painting, with a smile which might have been a sneer—it was so like one. "You are highly honoured, general."

"Have pity on him, prince," whispered the Princess Dashkoff, "he will foam at the mouth soon."

The unhappy general did not hear the words,

but he saw the smile, and he writhed beneath it. Nevertheless, it restored him to his composure.

"Madam!" he said, with dignity, "I have fought in your service; but whatever meaning yonder picture has, I have never deserved to be thus insulted in your majesty's palace; and I implore your majesty to explain——"

"I cannot explain how your portrait came to be introduced into that painting, dear general," said Catherine, mildly: "it is probably an accidental coincidence; but as it displeases you, it shall be altered. I will give orders that the painter—this Alexey Ivanoff—be sent for."

"Alexey Ivanoff! my own serf, may it please your majesty," said the general, his lip again quivering.

"How!" exclaimed Catherine; "you remind me, general, of a forgotten promise: this Alexey Ivanoff—I have received a petition on his behalf, and I have one to make. I had forgotten that he was a serf of yours, general: you must allow me to purchase his freedom."

"Madam, ask anything of me but that," said Roskin, fiercely. "Your majesty, I mean, knows not what you ask. The man is a clever artist, and is honoured by your majesty's gracious notice; but for all else he is a worthless creature, an incendiary, may it please your majesty," he continued, hurried on by the torrent of his wrath, "stirring up rebellion among his fellow serfs, the son of a rebel who conspired against your majesty's throne and life with Pugatsheff."

"I had not heard of this, general," said Catherine, gently; "but that has long gone by, and we should not visit too severely the sins of the fathers upon the sons."

"He is a rebel himself," continued General Roskin, impetuously. "He talks of liberty, and consorts with Englishmen."

"He may do that and yet be no rebel," said Catherine, smiling; "we ourselves sometimes consort with Englishmen."

"Gracious madam, he does more than this; he rails at your majesty, and dares to speak of your majesty's glorious reign as a usurpation."

"Nay, then, let him remain a serf; only let him paint: we cannot spare his skill;" and saying this, the empress slowly retired.

A few minutes afterwards, Potemkin was by the side of General Roskin.

"Her majesty has important despatches to send to Vienna, and graciously commands your excellency to prepare instantly for the journey."

"A sentence of honourable banishment, I presume, prince," said Roskin, biting his nether lip.

"As you like to take it, general," replied the prince, coldly.

#### BOUND IN CAFE.

In a former paper\* we described the process by which books were bound in cloth. Leaving Mr. Macaulay's volumes to find their way to the portentous-looking stacks of the several publishers building up in the delivery-room, we proceed to say something of the finishing processes of the bookbinder's art.

\* See paper, No. 214 of "Leisure Hour"—"How Macaulay's History was Bound."

When a book is to be substantially bound in leather, the process applicable to binding in boards we have described is only partly applicable. Before such a book is sewn, it has to be reduced to the smallest space or thickness it can be made to assume without injury. This used to be done by beating it in sections with a fourteen-pound hammer on a beating-stone—a laborious and perilous exploit, which is now superseded by passing the sections between cylinders under heavy pressure. When sewn, the cords to which it is sewn, instead of being cut off close are left projecting an inch or two on each side. When the book is backed carefully with the hammer and moulded to a smooth convexity, the boards which form the cover, and which now are of double the thickness used in cloth-binding, are fastened to it in the following manner: the projecting ends of the cords are scraped and ravelled out into shreds of tow, and then sodden together with thick paste; two holes are punched for each cord through the mill-board, and the cords drawn tightly through them; the cords are then beaten into the substance of the mill-board with a hammer, and when the paste is dry, are so incorporated that separation is impossible.

The edges of the book are now to be cut, and in order to cut the fore-edge the rounded back has to be forcibly flattened during the passage of the knife, and allowed to resume its shape immediately after—when, if the cutting be dexterously done, the fore-edge assumes a true elliptical concavity—a result which is not always attained perfectly.

The edge of the book, being cut, has now to receive its allotted ornament, whatever that may be. In the case of law-books, a silly, because a dirty, custom prevails of leaving them white. There is no end to the fancies which men have exercised upon the edges of books. The celebrated Roger Payne, who often got twenty guineas for binding a volume, made nothing of laying out two or three on its edge; and Mr. Westley shows us in his counting-house a bible, upon the edges of which an accomplished artist must have occupied weeks of time; and lastly, the present writer has seen an artist engaged in painting on the edge of a book a picture of the Crucifixion at a cost which would have furnished a family library. When pictures are painted on the fore-edge of a book, the edge is gilt over the painting, which is thus invisible when the volume is closed, and to be seen only when the edge is depressed to an angle. Such luxuries as these are of course the rare prodigies of the bookbinder's art, and attainable only by those who have the means of gratifying every whim. As a general rule, the edge of a book is either sprinkled, marbled, or gilt. The sprinkling is done by mixing a little of any required pigment with water, dipping a brush in it, and, having first discharged nearly all that was taken up, sprinkling sufficient for the purpose in a very minute shower on the edges of the volumes placed in a press to receive it. A fanciful variation may be made by first strewing a few small seeds on the edges, which on being shaken off will leave white spots on the sprinkled surface. The marbling is done by the same process as that of marbling paper; colours are ground with some

material which will float them, are cast on water in a large trough, are combed with a comb, perhaps, to a peculiar pattern, and, the edge of the book being applied to the surface of the water, takes them up. Gilding the edges is a work of more difficulty and labour, and is sometimes the sole occupation of a clever workman. The edge must not only be well cut in the first instance, but scraped and polished to a fine surface. The gold is floated on by means of a peculiar kind of size, the chief constituents of which are, or were, serum and the whites of eggs beaten to a froth and left to subside to a perfectly fluid state. The gold leaf being laid on the size, the latter is drained off, leaving the gold adhering to the edge: when dry it receives a high polish from an agate burnisher, and is then covered up to preserve it from soiling while the binding goes on. There are various other ways of treating the edges of books—such as smearing them with red ochre after the manner of the puritan age, and indenting them with mediæval patterns, etc., etc.

The next function to be performed, when a book is to be well bound, is sewing on the headband. The headband is that little band at the top of the back which is half concealed by the leather, but which serves to continue the projection of the cover all round. It is sometimes made of paper rolled tightly together, but is handsomer and stronger when made of strips of vellum. It is sewn on by driving a threaded needle below the kettle-stitch of the sewer, and in a manner slinging the threads on the stitch; the threads are then ingeniously platted round the vellum, and fastened to the kettle-stitch at every quarter of an inch of the progress, to make all firm. When the whole is thus platted, the ends of the vellum are cut away, a little angle at each end being turned up to prevent the silk from slipping off. The back of the book is now strengthened by a lining of stiff paper, which is generally doubled to allow of an open back.

The volume has now to be covered with leather; if the leather be calf, it is first dipped in water or wetted with a sponge; if morocco, the wetting is not advisable. The leather is large enough to allow of lapping over some three-fourths of an inch all round, and the first part of the business consists in paring down the edge on all sides, to the thinness of paper, with a sharp knife. The inner surface is then well primed with strong paste, and the book being laid on it in a proper position, the leather is drawn over the sides, from which much of the paste is carefully pressed with the paper-knife: the difficult part of the process is the bringing the leather over the boards at the head and foot, and so disposing it behind the back as to form a handsome cowl for the headband. A tyro trying his hand at this sometimes cuts a whimsical figure, and is sure to end in an awkward job. The corners are another difficulty: they have to be pared while the leather is wet with paste, and yet, if they be not managed with consummate neatness, there is no hope of a well-bound book.

Supposing the volume to be fairly covered with leather, and that leather calf-skin, and passing over some minor processes affecting its back and its proper working on its hinges, we may now consider it is out of the hands of the forwarder,

and prepared for the handling of an artisan of a higher grade—the finisher.

The sides of the book are first taken in hand. The natural hue of the calf-skin, a light buff, is tolerated only on school-books and law-books, and most others have therefore either to be stained or marbled. A warm brown colour, of any intensity, may be imparted by sponging them with a solution, more or less strong, of potash or salts of tartar. A solution of copperas, according to its strength, will dye the leather of any tint from a pale lead colour to a deep black. Different acids may be used, singly or in combination, for the production of more vivid tints, such as scarlet, rose-colour, sky-blue, emerald-green, plum colour, etc.; but these are rarely if ever used by the binder, who, when such colours are required, receives the leather already dyed from the leather-seller. A great number of calf-bound books are marbled on the sides, which is done in the following manner. The books are opened in a frame to contain them, with their backs upwards and their covers sloping a little on either side, their leaves hanging vertically beneath. The proper tints for marbling, which must be liquid dyes and not pigments, being prepared and at hand, a bunch of quills is dipped into a bowl of water and the water in heavy drops thrown on the leather: at the precise moment when the drops begin to run into one another, the colouring dyes are sprinkled upon them: the drops as they coalesce and dribble off in all directions, carry the dyes along with them, which mingling in various accidental shades, sink into the leather, producing the effect desired. Perhaps we ought to remark here that no tint can be thus imparted to leather without in some degree affecting its durability. The acids are most destructive; the copperas ranks next in mischief, and even the potash aids in the decomposition of the leather: a glance at an old library will prove that undyed leather lasts the longest.

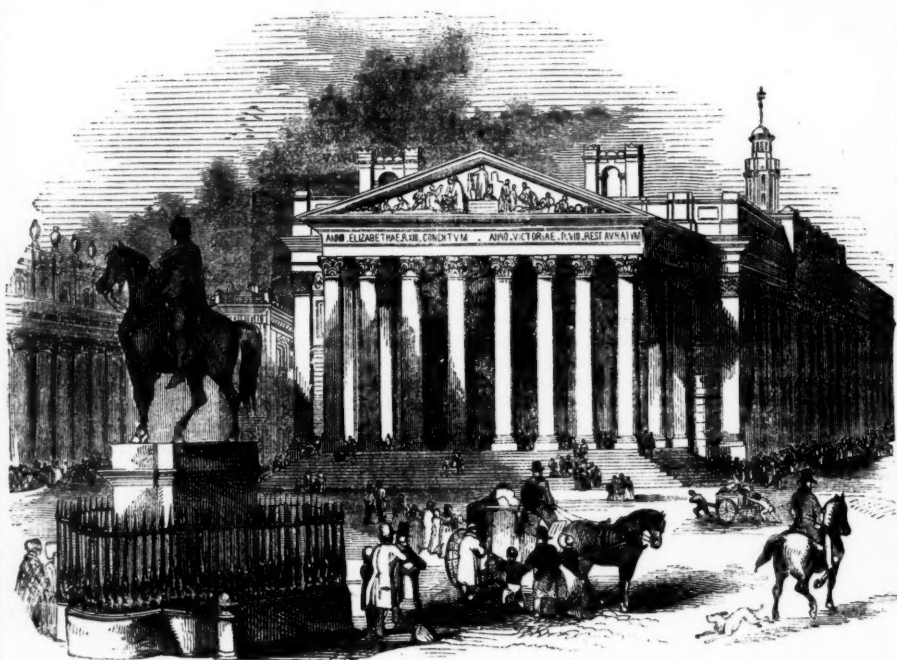
The gilding, the crowning process upon which the beauty of the volume mainly depends, has now to be accomplished. If the finisher has a hundred or two of volumes all alike to gild, he will have the use of some of the facilities which we have seen available in cloth-binding; but this is an exceptional case, as most of the volumes which come in to be bound in calf or morocco are single volumes or sets, for which no expensive preparation can be made. As a preliminary to gilding, the volume first receives a coat of size, then several successive coats of the white of eggs—though if it be in morocco, or in delicate and fancy tinted calf, these materials are applied only to such parts as are to receive the gold, which would not adhere without them. The last application is a slight moistening with oiled cotton. The gold leaf is then spread on a leather cushion, which the binder holds on his thumb as a painter does his palette—is cut to the required shape, in squares or strips, with a knife, and laid on the book with a brush of long badger's hair. The ornaments may consist of single or double lines, of continuous wreaths, of scrolls or corner-pieces, and artistic designs of various sorts—and these may either border the cover at its extreme edge, or, in combination, occupy its entire surface. They are impressed by a series of "tools" or stamps, engraved in relief

on brass, and made hot by jets of gas. In printing them on the gold, the workman has no guide but his eye, and has no means of correcting an error should he make one. The continuous lines and wreaths are impressed by brass wheels some three inches in diameter, revolving on an iron axis with a long handle—the line or lines, or the pattern, being engraved on the periphery of the wheels. When the cover is finished, the back in its turn is overlaid with gold leaf, and the lettering and ornaments have to be added. This is the most critical part of the whole business, as being that which will meet the eye when the books are ranged on the shelf. The lettering may be either on the calf of the back or on small tablets of morocco pasted on; but each letter has to be impressed singly by hand, and whatever approach to regularity is made—and it is no libel on the workman to say that perfection in this particular is impossible—is due to the correct eye and long practice of the finisher. When, as is frequently the case, from six to a dozen lines have to be thus printed on the back, the chance of complete success by such a method is so small that we have never met with it, or met with a person who has met with it, in a single instance. The thing could be done by abandoning the use of the single brass letters and using printer's types arranged in a suitable frame; by such a method success would be the rule and failure the exception. The question is, whether the working bookbinder would submit to such an innovation.

When the letters and ornaments are all impressed on the back, the superfluous gold is wiped off with the gold-rag, and then, and not before, the finisher sees the proof of his work. The next step is to polish the entire surface of the leather, which is done with a polishing-iron at a scalding heat rubbed rapidly and firmly over it. Then comes the "blind-tooling" (if any is required), or the impression of additional ornaments without gold. When this is done the end-papers are pasted down, and the book, after receiving a final pressure in the hydraulic press, is ready for delivery.

The reader will be pleased to remark, that what we have above described is the routine of an average volume through the bookbinder's hands. Had our space permitted, we might have dwelt at some length on the extraordinary resources which the spirit of modern ingenuity has brought to his aid. We might have shown on the basement floor of this establishment, powerful machines working with a force of as much as eighty tons, for embossing or giving those ornaments in relief which we have seen done by the blocking-press in intaglio; we might have witnessed the way in which another machine imparts its pattern to the cloth or leather; and we might have examined the various expensive modes in which a binding of any material, however luxurious, may be accomplished for those who choose to lavish indefinite sums on the outsides of their books. Such things are, however, of minor importance since it is obvious to the reader that there is no limit to the expenditure that may be thus incurred.

ELOQUENCE consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it. Oratory is not vociferation



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

## THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

A PEEP AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

It is getting near to four o'clock in the afternoon, as we find ourselves accidentally at the front of the Mansion House, not far from which we think of dining. The morning has been uncomfortably wet, misty, and muddy, and the rain still drizzles down in a thin warm sleet, which steams from every object on which it falls. At this confluence of half-a-dozen thoroughfares, the ear is assailed by such a deafening roar and rumble of wheels, such a trampling and grapping of iron hoofs, such shouts from omnibus cads, and such a general medley of minor sounds as makes one turn instinctively for shelter to the first retreat that offers. Then the spectacle is no less confusing. There is a dead lock in the endless line of vehicles that choke the passage westward, and every coachman is waving his whip aloft as a signal to his persecutor in the rear to desist till the obstruction is cleared. Meanwhile the 'busses from the north are crashing down, and those from the south crashing up, while yonder Hansom cab is making a series of vain attempts to dash from Cornhill across the rapid current, now advancing, now retreating to advance again, and only winning through at last by compelling a "Favourite" to pull up suddenly. Then, owing to the stoppage among the vehicles, the crowd is accumulating every moment. Hundreds are waiting to cross the muddy way, but are afraid to venture lest a sudden movement

should entangle them among the wheels. Here and there one more venturesome or more pressed for time than the rest, crouches beneath the horses' heads, and drives across at the risk of his neck, or, when the feat is half accomplished, retreats again, scared by a moving wheel or the impatient trampling of a steed. Now the 'busses move on again, and at the first opening there is a rush of the crowd in opposite directions. We feel inclined to pop into the first dining-house, out of the *mêlée*; but we have half an hour to spare, and resolve to have a stroll in the Royal Exchange, the steps of which we are mounting as the hands on the dial of the clock are approaching four.

We could not have chosen a fitter moment for a glance at the great quiet centre of speculation and commerce. How hushed and tranquil the place seems, after the noisy scene from which we have just emerged. The roar and rumble of traffic here dies into a soothing murmur, only broken now and then when a single omnibus rattles along Cornhill, or some lumbering wain from the wharfs of the river comes grinding its way over the stones. From the crowd of scrambling, hurrying traffickers we pass at once into an assemblage of grave men, who look as though they were awaiting in silence the coming of some long-expected and dignified personage, to dispel the gloom settled on their faces. They are congregated in a mass, and yet in groups of twos, threes, and fours, at the eastern end of the open quadrangle, regardless of the few drops of rain that still continue to fall. They are



of all ages, from five-and-twenty to three-score-and-ten, and among them we can trace every variety of feature, and we can hear as we glide through the mass the tones of every European language; and yet upon every countenance there is one predominant expression, which is as remote from mirth as it is from misery, and yet as distinguishable as either. In the young it comes and goes—disappears in the eagerness of conversation, but settles down like a cold cloud the moment the face is in repose; in the old it is indelibly fixed and permanent, and is as much an integral part of the physiognomy as any feature of the face. What it is, it is difficult to define; it is a compound of recklessness and thoughtfulness, of hardihood and anxiety, of fortitude and distrust mingled together. It imparts a hard unlovable outline to the countenance, which we have often noticed as peculiar to the money-making class of the city, and which we never fail to recognise when our rambles lead us to that quarter. There is very little conversation going on that is audible by the stranger. Papers and documents are produced and compared by a few; corpulent pocket-books are unfolded and consulted, and now and then small strips of paper change hands; memorandums are made in pencil, and at intervals an ink-bottle comes up from the depths of a side-pocket, and a signature is attached with a pen.

Who are the *millionaires* among this low-muttering congregation? Who are they that, with a dash of a pen, could pay the fee-simple of a province or rouse to activity the industry of a nation? And who are they that are involved in responsibilities above their means, and, beneath the calm stolidity which habit has made a second nature, are desperate to win because they have nothing to lose? We cannot tell. We can see the identical spot where, when the old Exchange was in existence, rose the pillar at which the great Rothschild took his stand, and where the sons of that dead Cæsar are said to transact business at the present day; but the Rothschilds, the Salomons, the Doxats, the Durrants, the Bateses, the Barings, the Crawshays, and such like—all are unfamiliar faces to us, who never had any "stake in the country" that was not of a purely patriotic nature, and, having no claim upon the Three per Cents. or any other right to a title of a creditor of the government, can pretend to no personal acquaintance with the celebrities of 'Change. But, notwithstanding that, we know perfectly well what is going on before our face at this identical moment. We know that in the critical hour between three and four, in this all but silent synod, conclusions are drawn which may affect the value of property all over the world; that sometimes such a trifle as an assenting nod of the head, or a dubious shake of it, shall accept or decline a transaction of fabulous magnitude; and that to-morrow's city article in "The Times" will serve as a fillip or a damper in proportion as the aspect of this assemblage of counsellors is vivacious and hopeful or the reverse.

The throng dwindles away in pairs and threes, as we look on; some vanish up-stairs into Lloyd's Subscription Rooms, where we have no right to follow; others rush off to a neighbouring broker's, to catch him before he shuts up; some step into cabs awaiting them outside, and some stroll out to

intercept the passing omnibus that carries them home, or to the nearest chop-house, to settle the claims of appetite. Meanwhile we walk round the decorated ambulatories, whose decorations, rich, albeit somewhat fantastical, as they once were, the smoke and damps of the city have reduced to the condition of faded and dingy finery. We can but marvel why it is that these sheltered walks are not preferred to the central open space which bad taste or a niggard economy has left exposed to the weather; they appear to be deserted by the men of business and abandoned to that small section of the city public who have nothing to do but lounge about, and to weary and footsore pedestrians, who take up their rest on the long benches that line the inner wall. Perhaps it is the fear of eaves-droppers that sends the capitalist and the speculator into the open area; and if so, it might be as well that the quadrangle, like that of the Bourse in Paris, should be roofed in with glass for their accommodation.

As at all other places where monied men congregate, the interior of the Exchange, like the platform of a railway-station, or the inside of an omnibus, is the leasehold of the advertiser. The shopkeeper is here, however, in better company than we usually find him; the perquero who will weave you a wig, or will dye your whiskers from grey to jet black, exhibits himself side by side with the merchant who will freight you any number of tons to the antipodes; and the photographer, who will stereotype your figure for a guinea, occupies the same pillar with the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, who are in want just now of twenty thousand pairs of shoes, and as many blankets, for the army in the Crimea, and are open for tenders from you or anybody else inclined to contract for their supply.

While we have been spelling through their lordships' announcement, which with praiseworthy economy has been written on a strip of foolscap to save the three and sixpence it would have cost to print it, and which the rain has half resolved into a cascade of inky tears—the place has become gradually deserted. The financial affairs of the city are closing for the day, and already, at the lofty nests of stock-brokers over the way, clerks and principals are closing ledgers and desks, and locking doors, and tripping down-stairs, and dashing off, some this way and some that, to the delights of the dinner-table or the amenities of home. Before we follow their example, we leisurely make the circuit of the noble building, and peep in, as we are given to do sometimes at the little shop-windows which run round the outside of the Exchange, parallel with the ambulatories. Curious little cabinets they are, not large enough, some of them, to swing a cat, if such a ceremony were desirable, but large enough to do a considerable amount of business in all manner of luxuries and elegancies, in the course of a year. We once had occasion to inquire, for a friend wanting to settle in the city, the rent of one of these little dens, which then, by a rare chance, happened to be empty. The sum demanded was sufficient to bring up an average family respectably; and set him, and us too, a wondering how anybody could afford to pay it—to say nothing of the right of entrance, for which several hundreds were asked in addition.

Such a range of prices can be explained only on the supposition that the place attracts to its immediate vicinity men of wealth and capital, who often signalize some successful stroke of commerce or speculation with an expensive article of purchase for the domestic circle.

### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

#### PART II.

THE crowning achievement of Newton's genius, and that which will carry his fame down to all ages, is his demonstration of the law of gravitation. The well-known story of the falling apple, which first directed his attention to the subject of gravity, dates as early as the autumn of 1665. The college was then dismissed because of the plague at Cambridge. Newton was at Woolsthorpe; "when, sitting alone in the garden, and speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him that, as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground, was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve a stone or a cannon ball when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth. If the moon was thus kept in her orbit by gravitation to the earth, or, in other words, its attraction, it was equally probable, he thought, that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitating towards the sun. Kepler had discovered the great law of the planetary motions—that the squares of their periodic times were as the cubes of their distances from the sun; and hence Newton drew the important conclusion, that the force of gravity or attraction, by which the planets were retained in their orbits, varied as the squares of their distances from the sun. Knowing the force of gravity at the earth's surface, he was therefore led to compare it with the force exhibited in the actual motion of the moon, in a circular orbit." An inaccurate measure of the distance between the earth and the moon produced such a discrepancy between Newton's theory and what seemed then to him the fact, that he abandoned the subject in the meantime.

The exact time at which he recommenced his investigations is not certain. By means of Picard's more accurate measures, he was enabled to correct his calculations and carry them to a successful issue. As they were drawing to a close, a certain Newtonian tradition, which, however, Sir D. Brewster is inclined to reject as not being in keeping with the character of the philosopher, asserts that he became so agitated that he could not go on with them, and had to employ a friend to finish them. The great truth was demonstrated, "that the moon is kept in her orbit by the same power by which bodies fall on the earth's surface," and the demonstration is due to Newton alone. Much, however, had been done to prepare the way for his discovery. "Pre-eminent as his triumphs have been," writes his biographer, "it would be unjust to affirm that they were won by his single arm. The torch of many a preceding age had

thrown its light into the labyrinths of the material universe, and the grasp of many a powerful hand had thrown down the most impregnable of its barriers. An alliance, indeed, of many kindred spirits had been long struggling in the combat, and Newton was but the leader of the mighty phalanx—the director of their combined genius—the general who won the victory and wears its laurels."

The labours of Copernicus and Kepler, of Galileo, of Huygens, and others, all tended towards the discovery of the true system of the heavens. Yet a strange confusion prevailed till the great English sage demonstrated the simple but all potent fact, "that the power which drew the apple to the ground was the power which chained the moon to the earth." "When Newton opened his commission and began his speculations," says a writer already quoted, "the vortices of Descartes were in fashion, and the heavens consisted of a series of eddies or maelstroms, wherein globes were revolving like chips in a whirlpool. \*\*\* In the fulness of time the destined sage arrived; and perhaps fancy can picture few grander spectacles than that of Newton standing as it were on the shores of space, gazing with an eagle eye upon the abyss through which worlds were gliding in their merry dance, and then seizing, as if by inspiration, the great principle which told him how orb was linked to orb, how each was kept in its ever-curling groove, and yet how all revolved as safely as if they were the sole wanderers in those ethereal depths." The great fact discovered by Newton being fully established, "the universe seemed to fall under the dominion of one subtle and invisible but ever-acting and all-pervading power. Phenomenon after phenomenon was expounded by its means. The quantity of matter in the sun was determined. The planets were put, as it were, in the scales, and weighed like so many sacks of flour. The tides of the ocean were proved to be the work of the busy moon, and the heaping up of the waters at the further side of the globe became a necessary consequence of the pull upon the centre of the earth, which left the antipodal sea lagging behind. The influence of the protuberant matter at the equator was explained. Sundry irregularities in the moon's motions were accounted for by the action of gravity. And Newton did not hesitate to apply the same force to those rovers of the heavens—the comets. Difficult as the task of reducing them to order then seemed—for to some it might appear almost as impracticable as an attempt to compute the elements of a swallow's flight—Newton undertook the task, brought them under the influence of attraction, as he had done the planets in their sedate spheres, and thus may be said to have sworn in the cometary corps as good and loyal citizens of the skies."

A magnificent achievement, certainly! Lagrange, who declared that Newton was the greatest genius that ever existed, was in the habit of adding, "and the most fortunate, for we cannot find more than once a system of the world to establish."

The "Principia" is the record of these discoveries—a work which Sir D. Brewster justly asserts "will be memorable not only in the annals of one science or of one country, but which will form an epoch in

the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason." Not the least wonderful thing connected with this work is, that it was written in eighteen months, though of course its materials were long forming in the author's mind. Written in eighteen months! while some of his fellow professors at Cambridge said they might study seven years before they understood anything of it, and other men of intellectual note found that they would require to master as many books as would form a small library before they attempted the study of this wondrous work. It was in the midsummer of 1687 that the whole of the "*Principia*" was given to the world. Halley used to boast, "that he had been the Ulysses who produced this Achilles." And he had a right to do so. He not only went to Cambridge and drew from Newton his discoveries, which else, from the extreme sensitiveness of the philosopher as to opposition, might have lain at least for a time concealed; but he undertook the labour of editing, and the expense of publishing them, when the Royal Society decided that it had not the means to do so.

Let us now look at Newton's private life. "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, and sleep like other men?" asked the Marquis de l'Hopital. "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius entirely disengaged from matter." Not quite that; and yet he could scarcely be said to eat and drink like other men. Dr. Humphrey Newton was the philosopher's amanuensis for five years, including the period in which the "*Principia*" was written. Two letters from him to Mr. Conduit are extant, and these, with a few anecdotes related by other friends, enable us to form a tolerably vivid picture of Newton's daily life. Here he is at breakfast—not a very luxurious repast with him, certainly—orange peel boiled in water, which he drank as tea, sweetened with sugar, the accompaniments simply bread and butter. Our curiosity is not gratified with the sight of his usual bill of fare for dinner. For supper he sometimes had a toasted quince. It was a matter, indeed, of extreme indifference to the thinker what the fare was. Frequently, of a morning, his bed-maker found both dinner and supper almost untasted, with which the old woman walked off, highly satisfied, no doubt, with the accommodating habits of the gentleman she served, and likewise with the fact that there was no impertinent interloper, in the shape of a dog or cat, to interfere with her privileges. Newton kept neither. Dr. Humphrey relates further that he never saw his master sit down to any meal when alone. He took a hasty snatch standing, and away to his work. Often he forgot to eat at all, till, long after the viands had been placed on the table, he was reminded that they were untouched. And on the other hand, a waggish friend could easily persuade him that he had dined, though no dinner had fallen to the poor man's share. Dr. Stukely once ate up Newton's chicken, and replaced the cover over the picked bones, which the philosopher finding, concluded, to the amusement of his friend, that he must have dined, though he had entirely forgotten it. Weaker mortals will be glad to hear that there was one kind of eatable which the sage condescended to enjoy—that was fruit, of which, especially apples, he was very fond.

The oblivion of Newton as to outward circumstances, placed him sometimes in very ludicrous positions. Going to Colsterworth on one occasion, he alighted to lead his horse part of the way: the animal slipped the bridle and set off; but his meditative master, all unconscious of the fact, quietly walked to his journey's end with the horseless bridle in his hand. Now and then the Lucasian professor found himself in the streets of Cambridge in attire anything but suitable for the public view, and was obliged to hasten back to his house quite ashamed. When he went to dine in the Hall, which was seldom, the chances were that he would appear "with shoes down at the heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his hair scarcely combed." Sometimes, though not often, he gave entertainments—and handsome ones—himself, his guests being usually the heads of colleges. But, alas! for the hospitality of our sage. If he went to his study to fetch wine for his company, there was no certainty that he would not forget to return. Some intrusive idea might so occupy his mind, that everything else vanished for the time from his memory. His toilette of a morning was often arrested in the same way. Absorbed in thought, he would sit down half dressed on his bedside, and there remain for hours.

His days were passed in intense, absorbing, unremitting study—study of the most severe and engrossing kind. One is grieved to read, that during five years Dr. H. Newton saw him laugh once only; but we are somewhat relieved to find his countenance characterised by the same authority as "smiling." Pastime or recreation of any kind he never indulged in, and seldom took exercise in the open air (in his room he walked perpetually), unless a few turns, at rare intervals, in his little garden might be called so. This garden he loved to see neat and well kept; to which result, however, he contributed no personal labour. Like every other place, it was a study to him. "When he has sometimes taken a turn or two," writes Dr. Humphrey, "he has made a sudden stand, turned himself about, run up the stairs like another Archimedes with an *Eureka*, fell to write on his desk, standing, without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on." His only public occupation was lecturing as Lucasian professor, and these prelections few went to hear, and fewer still understood; "so that oftentimes he did in a manner, for want of hearers, read to the walls." Half an hour was his usual time for these lectures; "but when he had no auditors, he commonly returned in a fourth part of that time or less." At spring and autumn, during six weeks each season, very special labours went on in his laboratory, the fire being scarcely ever permitted to go out, Newton and his amanuensis sitting up during the night by turns. "What his aim might be," writes the latter, "I was not able to penetrate into; but his pains, his diligence at these set times, made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry." Dr. Humphrey justly conjectures that the transmuting of metals was the object in view. The great philosopher was not above this folly of his age. In his celebrated letter of advice to Mr. Aston, when that young man was about to travel on the continent, he desires him to make inquiries regarding the trans-

mutation of metals, these "being the most lucrative, and many times luciferous experiments too, in philosophy." Love of knowledge, however, and not love of gold, was the impelling motive to such studies with Newton. His indifference to the latter commodity was extreme. Dr. Humphrey Newton writes: "I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study, set against the open window, no less, as one might suppose, than a thousand guineas in it, crowded edgewise." The wondering amanuensis is not sure whether this arose from carelessness or suspicion, to try the fidelity of those around him. The former, doubtless, was the real cause. Newton had neither time nor thought to bestow on such work as planning tests for the fidelity of his attendants.

Of course a man so intensely occupied allowed himself little time for visiting, and received few visitors. Two or three favoured ones did come to him occasionally, of an evening, to enjoy a little conversation on scientific subjects. One of these gentlemen, not sufficiently appreciating the high purity of the philosopher's character, ventured to tell him a loose story about a man, whereupon, we are informed, Newton broke off all intercourse with him.

During the long period of Newton's residence in Cambridge, we find him break the spell of his loved privacy on two occasions only. King James attempted to infringe the laws of the university in favour of a Roman Catholic. With a Popish and despotic king, his Protestant subjects of course looked upon every step in this direction, however inconsiderable it might seem in itself, with intense jealousy. The university resisted; Newton giving manful aid in the struggle, both in Cambridge and London, whither he went as one of a deputation appointed to explain and defend the conduct of the Cambridge men. His other public vocation was that of a member of the convention parliament, in which he sat during the last year of its existence, as the representative of Cambridge. He is said to have been a useful though silent member.

Grand as are the results of Newton's life of intense thought, we must acknowledge that it presents an imperfect development of man as a whole—and this, looking at man simply in his earthly affections and relationships. We desire to see stronger emotions, wider social sympathies, a keener and healthier appreciation of the ordinary pursuits and enjoyments of humanity. Yet we consider it by no means just to the philosopher to represent him as a mass of pure intellect, destitute of heart, and insusceptible of the ordinary feelings and desires which move his fellow creatures. He did show himself capable of affection, and capable of weaknesses also, most thoroughly human. We are glad Sir David has learned and recorded the story of his mother's last illness. In 1689, her son Benjamin Smith was seized with malignant fever. His mother went to nurse him, and was speedily taken ill of the same disease. Newton at once forsook his studies and hastened to her bedside. There he watched day and night, with the tenderness of a woman and the skill of a trained nurse. The medicines were given by his hand, the blisters prepared and dressed by him. All that the most devoted and self-denying affection

could dictate was done, till death rendered further service impossible. The man who could so act, deserves not to be called heartless.

As for weaknesses, even Newton's admiring biographer attempts not to deny their existence, though with much love he shades them off as lightly as possible. The fact is manifest. The great man could be on occasion very little, the patient man excessively testy. Prone to be suspicious, and extremely impatient of contradiction, Locke described him too truly when he said confidentially to Lord King, "that Newton was a nice man to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." One is grieved to find him exhibit a spirit far from noble in his controversies with other scientific men, as Leibnitz, and Hooke, and Huygens, and Flamsteed. The provocation received, though in some instances great, is no apology for conduct which was certainly ungenerous, and *looked*, at least, now and then, unfair. His excessive dread of opposition can scarcely be designated otherwise than as cowardly. But for the entreaties of friends, he would have concealed his most important discoveries, lest their publication should involve him in discussion in their defence. His moanings on this subject are almost ludicrous. "I was so persecuted," he writes, "with discussions arising out of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow." To Oldenburgh he says, "I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it." Again we find him complaining to Halley: "Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her. I found it so formerly, and now I am no sooner come near her again than she gives me warning."

### THE FIRST NIGHT IN VENICE.

HACKNEYED as is the subject of Italy, and overdone as the publishing world has been by tours and travels through that sunny land, a work has recently appeared upon it which is well worthy of a favourable reception from the reading public. In his "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber," Dr. Wylie presents us with a series of sketches, vigorously and attractively drawn, and investing old topics with an interest entirely fresh. His strictures, too, on the papal system, and his *exposé* of its deadly and withering influences on social life and happiness, are most able, and furnish material for thought to all who have watched the progress and growth of that great upas-tree of Error. The subjoined sketch of the author's arrival in Venice, although by no means the best part of the volume, gives a good specimen of his rich and attractive style.\*

"At Verona the railway resumes, and runs all the way to Venice. What a transition from the *diligence*—the lumbering, snail-paced *diligence*—to the rail. It is like passing by a single leap from the dark ages to modern times. Then only

\* "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber; or, The Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge." By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliott.



do you feel what you owe to Watt. In my humble opinion, the Pope should have put the steam-engine into the Index Expurgatorius. His priests in France have attended at the opening of railways, and blessed the engines. What! bless the steam-engine! Sprinkle holy water on the heads of Mazzini and Gavazzi! For what are these engines, but so many cast-iron Mazzinis and Gavazis? The Pope should have anathematized the steam-engine. He should have cursed it after the approved pontifical fashion, in standing and in running, in watering and in coaling. He should have cursed it in the whole structure of its machinery—in its funnel, in its boiler, in its piston, in its cranks, and in its stop-cocks. I can see a hundred things which are sure to be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels. I can see it tearing ruthlessly onwards, and dashing through prejudices, opinions, usages, and time-honoured and venerated institutions, and sweeping all away like so many cobwebs.

"The station of the railway is on the east of the town, in a spot of enchanting loveliness. It was the first and almost the only spot that realized the Italy of my dreams. It was in a style of beauty such as I had not before seen, and was perfect in its kind. The low lovely hills were ranged in crescent form, and were as faultless as if Grace herself had moulded them on her lathe. Their clothing was a deep rich purple. White villas, like pearls, sparkled upon them; and they were dotted with the cypress, which stood on their sides in silent, meditative, ethereal grace. The scene possessed not the sublime grandeur of Switzerland, nor the rugged picturesqueness of Scotland: its characteristic was the finished, spiritualized, voluptuous beauty of Italy. But hark! the railway-bell rings out its summons.

"The carriages on the Verona and Venice Railway are not those strong-looking, crib-like machines which we have in England, and which seem built, as our jails and bridewells are, in anticipation that the inmates will do their best to get out. They are roomy and elegant saloons (though strong in their build), of about forty feet in length, and may contain two hundred passengers a-piece. They are fitted up with a tier of cushioned seats running round the carriage, and two sofa-seats running lengthways in the middle. At each end is a door by which the guard enters and departs, and passes along the whole train, as if it were a suit of apartments. So far as I could make out, I was the only *Englese* in the carriage, which was completely filled with the citizens and peasantry of the towns and rural districts which lay on our route—the mountaineer of the Tyrol, the native of the plain, the inhabitant of the city of Verona, of Vicenza, of Venice. There was a greater amount of talk, and of vehement and eloquent gesture, than would have been seen in the same circumstances in England. The costume was varied and picturesque, and so too, but in a less degree, the countenance. There were in the carriage tall athletic forms, reared amid the breezes and vines of the Tyrol; and there were noble faces—faces with rich complexions, and dark fiery eyes, which could gleam in love or burn in battle, and which bore the still further appendage of moustache and beard, in which the wearer evidently took no little

pride, and on which he bestowed no little pains. The company had somewhat the air of a masquerade. There was the Umbrian cloak, the cone-shaped beaver, the vest with its parti-coloured lacings. There were the long loose robe and low-crowned hat of the priest, with its enormous brim, as if to shade the workings of his face beneath. There was the brown cloak of the friar; and there were hats and coats of the ordinary French fashion. The Leghorn bonnet is there unknown, as almost all over the continent, unless among the young girls of Switzerland; and the head-gear of the women mostly was a plain cotton napkin, folded on the brow and pinned below the chin—a custom positively ugly, which may become a mummy or a shaven head, but not for those who have ringlets to show. Some with better taste had discarded the napkin, and wore a smart cap. On the persons of not a few of the females was displayed a considerable amount of value, in the shape of gold chains, rings, and jewellery. This is an indication, not of wealth, but of poverty and stagnant trade. It was a custom much in use among oriental ladies before banks were established.

"The plains eastward of Verona on the right were amazingly rich, and the uplands and heights on the left were crowned with fine castles and beautiful little temples. Yet the beauty and richness of the region could not soothe Dante for his lost Florence. For here was his 'Patmos,' if we may venture on imagery borrowed from the history of a greater seer; and here the visions of the Purgatorio had passed before his eye. After a few hours' riding, the fine hills of the Tyrolean Alps came quite up to us, disclosing, as they filed past, a continuous succession of charming views. When the twilight began to gather, and they stood in their rich drapery of purple shadows, their beauty became a thing indescribable. We saw Vicenza, where, of all the spots in Italy, the Reformation found the largest number of adherents, and where Palladio arose in the sixteenth century, to arrest for a while, by his genius, the decay of the architectural arts in Italy. We saw, too, the gray Padua looking at us through the sombre shadows of its own and the day's decline. We continued our course over the flat but rich country beyond; and as night fell we reached the edge of the Lagunes.

"I looked out into the watery waste with the aid of the faint light, but I could see no city, and nothing whereon a city could stand. All was sea; and it seemed idle to seek a city, or any habitation of man, in the midst of these waters. But the engine with its great red eye could see farther into the dark; and it dashed fearlessly forward, and entered on the long bridge which I saw stretching on and away over the flood, till its farther end, like that of the bridge which Mirza saw in vision, was lost in a cloud. I could see, as we rode on, on the bosom of the flood beneath us, twinkling lights, which were probably lighthouses, and black dots, which we took for boats. After a five miles' run through scenery of this novel character, the train stopped, and we found that we had arrived, not in a cloud or in a quicksand, as there seemed some reason to fear, but in a spacious and elegant station, brilliantly lighted with gas, and reminding

one, from its sudden apparition and its strange site, of the fabled palace of the Sicilian Fairy Queen, only not built, like hers, of sunshine and sea-mist. We were marched in file past, first the tribunal of the searchers, and next the tribunal of the passport officials; and then an Austrian gendarme opening to each, as he passed his ordeal, the door of the station-house, I stepped out, to have my first sight, as I hoped, of the Queen of the Adriatic.

"I found myself in the midst of the sea, standing on a little platform of land, with a cloudy mass floating before me, resembling, in the uncertain light, the towers and domes of a spectral city. It was now for the first time that I realized the peculiar position of Venice. I had often read of the city whose streets were canals and whose chariots were gondolas; but I had failed to lay hold of it as a reality, and had unconsciously placed Venice in the region of fable. There was no missing the fact now. I was hemmed in on all sides by the ocean, and could not move a step without the certainty of being drowned. What was I to do? In answer to my inquiries, I was told that I must proceed to my hotel in an omnibus. This sounded of the earth, and I looked eagerly round to see the desired vehicle; but horses, carriage, wheels, I could see none. I could no more conceive of an omnibus that could swim on the sea, than the Venetians could of a gondola that could move on the dry land. I was shown a large gondola, to which the name of omnibus was given, which lay at the bottom of the stairs waiting for passengers. I descended into it, and was followed by some thirty more. We were men of various nations and various tongues, and we took our seats in silence. We pushed off, and were soon gliding along on the Grand Canal. Not a word was spoken. Although we had been a storming party sent to surprise an enemy's fort by night, we could not have conducted our proceedings in profounder quiet. There reigned as unbroken a stillness around us, as if, instead of the midst of a city, we had been in the solitude of the high seas. No footfall re-echoed through that strange abode. Sound of chariot wheel there was none. Nothing was audible but the soft dip of the oar, and the startled shout of an occasional gondolier, who feared, perhaps, that our heavier craft might send his slim skiff to the bottom. In about a quarter of an hour we turned out of the Grand Canal, and began threading our way amid those innumerable narrow channels which traverse Venice in all directions. Then it was that the dismal silence of the city fell upon my heart. The canals we were now navigating were not over three yards in width. They were long and gloomy; and tall, massive palaces, sombre and spectral in the gloom, rose out of the sea on either hand. There were columns at their entrances, with occasional pieces of statuary, for which time had woven a garland of weeds. Their lower windows were heavily grated; their marble steps were laved by the idle tide; and their warehouse doors, through which had passed, in their time, the merchandise of every clime, had long been unopened, and were rotting from age. As we pursued our way, we passed under low-browed arches, from which uncouth faces, cut in the stone, looked down upon us, and grinned our welcome.

The voice of man, the light of a candle, the sound of a millstone, was not there. It seemed a city of the dead. The inhabitants had lived and died ages ago, and had left their palaces to be tenanted by the mermaids and spirits of the deep, for other occupants I could see none. Spectral fancies began to haunt my imagination. I conceived of the canal we were traversing as the Styx, our gondola as the boat of Charon, and ourselves as a company of ghosts, who had passed from earth, and were now on our silent way to the inexorable bar of Rhadamanthus. A more spectral procession we could not have made, with our spectral boat gliding noiselessly through the water, with its spectral steersman, and its crowd of spectral passengers, though my fancy, instead of being a fancy, had been a reality. All things around me were sombre, shadowy, silent, as Hades itself.

"Suddenly our gondola made a rapid sweep round a tall corner. Then it was that the Queen of the Adriatic, in all her glory, burst upon us—

'Looking a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers.'

We were flung right in front of the great square of St. Mark. It was like the instantaneous raising of the curtain from some glorious vision, or like the sudden parting of the clouds round Mont Blanc; or, if I may use such a simile, like the unfolding of the gates of a better world to the spirit, after passing through the shadows of the tomb. The spacious piazza, bounded on all sides with noble structures in every style of architecture, reflected the splendour of a thousand lamps. There was the palace of the Doge, which I knew not as yet; and there, on its lofty column, was the winged lion of St. Mark, which it was impossible not to know; and, crowding the piazza, and walking to and fro on its marble floor, was a countless multitude of men in all the costumes of the world. With the deep hum of voices was softly blended the sound of the Italian lute. A few strokes of the oar brought us to the Hotel dell' Europa. I made a spring from the gondola, and alighted on the steps of the hotel."

#### THE HALF-FILLED ALE-FLASK.

WHEN the Swedes, more than a hundred years since, invaded Holstein, it happened after a battle, in which the Danes were victorious, that a soldier of the latter nation, who was posted on the field of combat, had with great difficulty procured a flask of ale, wherewith to quench his raging thirst. Just as he was putting it to his lips, he heard a Swede, who was lying on the ground severely wounded, call and implore him piteously for a draught. The soldier, seeing his miserable condition, immediately bent over him and held the flask to his mouth. At the same moment the treacherous Swede drew out a pistol and fired it at his benefactor, hoping, even in death, to avenge his defeat. But Providence watched over the kind-hearted Dane, and the ball missed him. He quietly stood up, drank off half the contents of his flask, and giving the remainder to his thankless

foe, said, with a smile: "You poltroon, *now* you shall get but half of it."

This incident came to the knowledge of the king, and, sending for the soldier, he conferred on him the privilege of bearing a coat of arms, the device on his shield to be a half-filled ale-flask. His posterity, it is said, still live and flourish in Flensburg, and are distinguished by the same armorial bearings.

### RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

CARRY religious principle into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. "The world passeth away." The things that are seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world," will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and muse over the perishableness of earthly things; it finds in them the seed of immortality. No work done for Christ perishes. No action that helps to mould the deathless mind of a saint of God is ever lost. Live for Christ in the world, and you carry out with you into eternity all of the results of the world's business that are worth the keeping. The river of life sweeps on, but the gold grains it held in solution are left behind, deposited in the holy heart. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." Every other result of our "diligence in business" will soon be gone. You cannot invent any mode of exchange between the visible and invisible worlds, so that the balance at your credit in the one can be transferred, when you migrate from it, to your account in the other. Worldly sharpness, acuteness, versatility, are not the qualities in request in the world to come. The capacious intellect, stored with knowledge, and disciplined into admirable perspicacity, tact, worldly wisdom, by a life-time devoted to politics or business, is not, by such attainments, fitted to take a higher place among the sons of immortality. The honour, fame, respect, obsequious homage that attend worldly greatness up to the grave's brink, will not follow it one step beyond. These advantages are not to be despised; but if these be all that, by the toil of our hand, or the sweat of our brow, we have gained, the hour is fast coming when we shall discover that we have laboured in vain and spent our strength for nought. But while these pass, there are other things that remain. The world's gains and losses may soon cease to affect us, but not the gratitude or the patience, the kindness or the resignation, they drew forth from our hearts. The world's scenes of business may fade on our sight, the noise of its restless pursuits may fall no more upon our ear, when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word, not one act of self-sacrificing love done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our common work, but will have left an indelible impress on the soul, which will go out with it to its eternal destiny. So live, then, that this may be the result of your labours. So live that your work, whether in the church or in the world, may become a discipline for that glorious state of being in which the church and the world shall become

one—where work shall be worship, and labour shall be rest—where the worker shall never quit the temple, nor the worshipper the place of work, because "there is no temple therein, but the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof."—*From "Religion in Common Life,"* a Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Caird, published by her Majesty's command.

### A REALLY HAPPY MAN.

DR. DODDRIDGE once wrote as follows to an absent friend: "My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. I have more of the presence of God than I ever remember. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, I address myself to him and converse with him; and he meets me in my study, in secret and family devotion. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home, pleasant to visit the sick, the poor; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done, and pleasant to preach the gospel to poor souls; pleasant in the week to think how near another Sabbath is, and oh! how much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven." Well might he who experienced such joy in religion write his well-known epigram on *Dum Vivimus, Vivamus*—

"Live while we live, the epicure would say,  
And catch the fleeting pleasures of the day.  
Lord, while I live, let both united be—  
I live in pleasure, while I live to thee."

### ANSWER TO THE HISTORICAL ENIGMA,

NO. III.

WOLFE.—1. Wilson (Bishop of Sodor and Man); 2. Oenstern; 3. Lavater; 4. Fenelon; 5. Eusebius.

### HISTORICAL ENIGMA,

NO. IV.

A PROTESTANT ecclesiastic, high in authority, and in the favour of his prince. Living in turbulent times, his ill-directed zeal fostered the animosity of factions. Rigid, severe, and active, he encouraged his sovereign in those imprudent and arbitrary measures which at length brought about the ruin alike of himself and of his master.

(The enigma may be solved by identifying the subjoined characters, whose initials supply the successive letters of the person's name.)

1. An English speculator, who ruined thousands.
2. A Roman general, who endeavoured to civilize as well as to subdue our ancestors.
3. The king of an island in the Levant, considered the wisest of the ancient Greeks.
4. An Englishman—a circumnavigator of the globe.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA,

NO. V.

THE key of an Asiatic sea, now in the possession of the British, and valuable to them in their Indian trade.

(The enigma may be solved by identifying the subjoined places, the successive initials of which supply the name of the given place.)

1. The citadel of Athens.
2. A mountainous province of northern Europe, rich in mines, and in remembrances of its patriotic king.
3. The forge of Vulcan.
4. The toy-shop of Europe.

## Varieties.

**A PENNY POST SUGGESTED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**—It is a curious coincidence that nearly two hundred years since a penny post should have been suggested by a writer of the same name as the well-known promoter of that great modern reform, Mr. Hill. In the Library of the British Museum is a small work, entitled "A Penny Post; or, a Vindication of the Liberty and Birthright of every Englishman, in carrying Merchants' and other Men's Letters, against any Restraint of Farmers of such Employments. By John Hill. London: Printed in the year 1659."

**THE RUFFIANS OF 1748.**—The times are strangely altered since Henry Fielding presided in the justice room at Bow-street, committing rogues and vagabonds to Bridewell, and highwaymen to Newgate. Every facility was then offered to the proceedings of the lawless depredator and bold-faced villain. The streets of the metropolis were dangerous after nightfall. When a peaceful tradesman had to take a journey of fifty or sixty miles, he made his will before he took his place in the mail. Notorious highwaymen and swindlers swaggered about in public places, winking at the officers of justice, and enjoying the admiration of the rabble. To prevent the commission of crime, and to detect and secure offenders, the very feeblest means were employed. The nocturnal guardians of the ill-lighted, narrow streets of London were infirm old men, who would have been chargeable to a parish, and shut up in a workhouse, if they had not been employed in protecting the lives and property of the devoted inhabitants of London. . . . . When such men were the only guardians of the night, it was easy enough for the practised thief to lighten the home-returning reveller of his watch and purse. If the booty were not delivered up in pursuance of a civil request, the unhappy wight was soon stretched upon the pavement, stunned and stupefied, sometimes even deprived of life, whilst the thief walked quietly away to pursue his profession in some other locality. The Bow-street officers who were more immediately charged with the apprehension of desperate offenders, were also distinguished for peculiar remissness and capriciousness in the performance of their duties. No one knew how or why, but, to the great scandal of public justice, known offenders—highwaymen, pickpockets, and footpads—were often at large for months after warrants had been issued for their apprehension—walking about London without disguise or concealment, frequenting their nightly haunts of dissipation, and pursuing, without let or hindrance, their lawless calling. The truth was, that the thief then belonged to a powerful corporation, with its army of spies and desperadoes, and hosts of secret allies. Oftentimes the officer of justice was himself little better than the thief's confederate; but, oftener still, prudence compelled him to refrain from meddling with a notorious ruffian.

We fancy that we fall into darkness when we die; but, alas! we are, most of us, in the dark till then: and the eyes of our souls only then begin to see, when our bodily eyes are closing.—*Law.*

**DR. JOHNSON**, being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to ronge, he observed: "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people's characters."

**MENTAL ENERGY OF OLD AGE.**—The late Mr. Lockhart carried on his studies in the numerical solution of equations at his shooting-box in a Scottish island, when he was long past eighty; and actually published his last work at the age of eighty-seven. Lord Brougham, who wrote a paper on Porisms for the "Philosophical Transactions" some fifty years ago, has lately published a work on Newton's "Principia."

**DR. BATES** says: "Truths in the soul are like gold in the ore. Meditation coins the gold, and brings it forth in holy discourses and pious actions; whereas where there are no spiritual mines in the soul, it is no wonder thoughts coin dress and vanity."

**THE NEGRO AND THE NEEDLE.**—It is not generally known that in the early progress of the needle manufacture we are indebted to the negro. The earliest record of needlemaking in this country is in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII, and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Cheapside and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needlemakers' coat of arms being the head of a negro.—*History of Needlemaking.*

**MILTON'S CHARACTER OF ENGLAND.**—A nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit—acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse—not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

**NAVAL AND MILITARY DECORATIONS.**—There is scarcely any record of medals as rewards in the army or navy before the time of the Commonwealth. The House of Commons resolved to grant rewards and medals to the fleet, whose officers (Blake, Monk, Penn, and Lawson) and men gained the glorious victory over the Dutch fleet, off the Texel, in 1653. In 1692, an Act was passed for applying the tenth part of the proceeds of prizes for medals and other rewards for officers, seamen, and marines. Subsequent to Lord Howe's victory, June 1, 1794, it was thought expedient to institute a naval medal. Blake's medal of 1653 was bought by William IV, for 150 guineas.—"Haydn's Dictionary of Dates."—*Notes and Queries.*

**STRANGE ARTICLE OF EXPORT.**—The ship "Sunny South," says the "San Francisco News," cleared yesterday for China, with a freight of seventy dead Chinamen. The "Herald" says that a company of Chinese are at work in San Francisco, who make profitable wages in disintering the dead bodies of those Celestials who have died here, and sending them to their friends in China.

**"CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE."**—This trite saying receives an illustration in the fact, that residents at Hong Kong have been known to send to London for tea. Such is the effect of European demand in withdrawing the best teas from China, that, on the spot, it is often difficult to get a good article. Hence the novel course to which we refer.

**STEAM v. SEAMANSHIP.**—A steam voyage is no school for seamanship. A young officer may cross the Atlantic half-a-dozen times, and never see a manœuvre beyond the simplest routine. An enterprising youth, ambitious of distinction in his profession, might study seamanship with more advantage on the pier at Hungerford. Through the charm of a few magical sentences—"ease her," "back her," "stop her," "turn ahead"—a kind of marine abracadabra—all the feats of nautical skill and science are now performed by any man who has the average ability of a cabin-boy. As regards the seamanship of the service, the delight of the service is gone; the interest is quenched by the utter simplicity and facility of the task. . . . Formerly the conversation in the ward-room was of winds and currents, of the prospects of the voyage, the progress of the ship. Now all this is at an end. The huge steamer gets under weigh; officers anxiously desire a foul wind to save bother with the sails; the course is given—"turn ahead;" the good ship proceeds on her steady, undeviating tract, and the most enthusiastic seaman is beat by the monotony of the thing. "What is she doing?" "Eight and a half, and I think it's going to rain." The nautical conversation can get no farther, and is given up. The crew, to divert their minds from mischief, are kept labouring in vain to scrub the great blackamoor white; and, as far as seamanship is concerned, the whole vehicle might just as well be an omnibus.—*Cambridge Essays.*